

SONG FOR THE TIMES--THE WAR CRY.

TUNE--*Dixie.*

The war cry comes from the land of our sires,
To the saints by their mountain fires—
Hid away, hid away, hid away from the strife
Mid the mountains high, they heed not the cry,
While many bleed, and many die,
Far away, far away, far away o'er the plains.

CHORUS.

Contented here the Mormons live,
In peace, in peace,
Oh! happy we, from turmoil free,
Beneath our vine and flow'ring tree,
Away, away, away from the deadly conflict.
Away, away, away from the deadly conflict.

Lo! the war cry comes with lightning speed
From the land of Joseph to his seed,
Hid away, hid away, hid away in the west.
In our humble lot, we heed it not,
Our freedom sweet, though dearly bought
In the days, in the days, in the days of Nauvoo.

CHORUS.

Hark! what a sound I hear it now,
War cry! war cry!!
On every wire 'tis borne along
And greets our ears 'mid dance and song,
Away, away, away in the western valley.

Their constitution now must yield
To bloody battles on the field,
Far away, far away, far away in the east,
They talk of fight and no surrender,
The Union, oh! how they'll defend her
With their arms, with their arms, with their arms
in the east

CHORUS.

Hark! what a sound steals o'er the plains
To arms! to arms!!
We hear the cry, we'll fight or die
Beneath the sod our foes must lie,
Away, away, away in death's embraces!

The Southern men in wrath have sworn,
Their wrongs too grievous to be borne,
Must away, must away, must away by the sword.
Their cotton and niggers they'll defend,
While down to hell their foes they send,
Far away, far away, far away from their sight.

CHORUS.

Oh! wretched land, both North and South,
Thy doom! thy doom!!
By Joseph's God has been decreed,
For prophet's thou hast made to bleed
In pain, in pain, in pain till God released them.

Thanks to our God we still are free
In Deseret, how long we'll be
Hid away, hid away, hid away from our foes,
It matters not while Brigham lives,
And counsel to the people gives,
All is well, all is well, all is well with the saints.

CHORUS.

Come then and let us praise the Lord.
Glory! Glory!!
Our rights we surely will defend,
And stand by Brigham to the end,
Away, away, away in this Western valley.

ELEANOR.

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